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DUM-DUM BULLET ETHICS.

ENGLAND TURNING OUT MILLIONS OF KILLING PROJECTILES.

Her Authorities Plead the Necessity of Slaying Savages, When Wounding Suffices for Civilized Soldiers—France's Royal Visitor—The Kaiser to Visit Holy Land.

LONDON, July 2.—A question of war ethics of especial interest to America as a belligerent power has been discussed by European military and political authorities for some months. It amounts in effect to this: Should it be the aim of combatants in modern warfare to kill or merely to wound the enemy? And the answer seems to be, according to English authority, that if the enemy be a savage or semi-barbarian you should kill him, while if he is a civilized foe it will suffice to wound him. The British War Office has just adopted the Dum-Dum or man-killing bullet, which will be used for the first time in the campaign against Khartoum next month.

If this statement should be allowed to go without explanation, there would arise a chorus of criticism and denunciation, based upon humanitarian and religious grounds. It seemed *prima facie* to be a deliberate decision to sacrifice human life wantonly and in cold blood, provided only that the victims be of a low order of race and intelligence. As a matter of fact, it is nothing of the kind. On the contrary, it is nothing more or less than a confession of the superior courage and physical endurance of savage and barbarian foes above the civilized soldier in modern armies. In other words, it has been overwhelmingly demonstrated that wounds which will put European soldiers almost instantly *hors de combat*, will scarcely diminish the fighting efficiency, for the time at least, of a Dervish or an Afridi or other barbarian warrior. Men have been known to go on fighting, in the recent Indian campaign, for instance, after they had been pierced by as many as half a dozen Lee-Metford bullets. The new small-bore, long-range projectile now almost universally adopted by European military authorities, inflicts a wound which is comparatively trifling unless it penetrates a vital part. It does not lacerate, and the shock it produces is far less than that of a slower missile.

It became necessary to provide British troops in the small wars in which they are often engaged with a man-killing or at least a man-stopping weapon. There has been a good deal of criticism and cynical comment by Continental authorities with regard to British action in the matter, because, as is well known, Great Britain has been prominent in the efforts of the last half century to minimize as far as possible by international agreement the horrors and unnecessary cruelties of war. The British War Office has been trying to find a missile which is neither so terrible in its work as that which tore to pieces, as by an explosion, the first American victims of Spanish guns in Cuba, nor so ineffectual as the modern high velocity, small-calibre bullet which, though it pierces, may not disable a combatant. The Dum-Dum bullet, which has been selected, is not explosive, as French critics have alleged. Neither does it mushroom to anything like the extent of the old Enfield, which is still used in tiger and elephant shooting.

This new service bullet is of the same diameter, .303, as the ordinary Lee-Metford, of the same length, an inch and one-fifth, and of the same weight, 215 grains. The case is of nickel, the base only being filled with lead. The conical end is left empty, and when it strikes it *burrs*, opens backward, spreads to some extent, *making*, of course, a larger wound, and probably so checking its speed that, unless fired at short range, it will lodge in the body. The cartridge is loaded with cordite, and the entire weight is scarcely more than half that of the old Martini-Henry, so that the soldier can easily carry twice the former number of rounds.

Woolwich Arsenal is at work day and night turning out the new projectiles at the rate of 2,000,000 rounds a week, and a private firm has received an order for 10,000,000 rounds, to be delivered as early as possible. These numbers indicate that the Government will not limit the use of the new bullet to the pending campaign in the Soudan. The new cartridges are available for all the service rifles and machine guns in the British Army.

A highly interesting discussion of modern small arms took place on Thursday at the Royal United Service Institute, when Col. Lockyer, Chief Inspector of Small Arms, and Lord Charles Beresford were among the speakers. Col. Lockyer surprised some of his auditors by advocating the carbine as the general weapon for all services instead of the rifle. It was without doubt a more difficult weapon to make absolutely accurate target practice with, he said, but there was little bullseye shooting in the service. He did not like the present sword-bayonet, and when unfixed it was well-nigh useless as an offensive weapon. He proposed for use, in conjunction with the carbine, the old Martini-Henry triangular bayonet, with a cross hilt. The carbine would be some two pounds lighter than the rifle and eight inches shorter.

Discussing the merits of different kinds of bullets, Col. Lockyer said that those used in the Snider rifle were very formidable. The head was hollow, and, on striking flesh, opened out, inflicting a most ghastly wound. Its stopping power was undoubted, although he never heard any questions raised about it, as there were about the Dum-Dum variety. The service bullet in use up to the present had not given complete satisfaction, as it was somewhat lacking in stopping power. A hard bullet, travelling with great velocity, had great penetration, but that very quality prevented it from giving a great shock unless it struck a large bone or pierced the heart or brain. There was no difficulty in making a stopping bullet for the present service rifle, though it was rather difficult to do so without interfering with its accuracy. The chief difficulty lay in the amount of stopping power allowable in European warfare. What was wanted was a bullet which would stop the enemy but would not hurt him too much. He also imagined that the Afridis, Dervishes, Zulus, and such like, who required a good deal of stopping, did not know much about the Declaration of St. Petersburg, while a European soldier who got "a plain unadulterated .303 bullet through him" would fancy he had earned his day's pay and take a rest.

Lord Charles Beresford, who summed up the debate, was not inclined to admit the superiority of the carbine over the rifle. It was an advantage in a rush, for instance, to have a penetrating bullet which would go through four or five men in succession. What was wanted was good shooting, and the best weapons would be useless without that. Any officer would rather have a small force which would shoot well than a large one which shot badly. The main object in a fight was to kill as many of the enemy as possible in the quickest time and get the action over. If the enemy began killing it disturbed the aim on "our side." It could certainly be contended for the carbine that its lightness rendered it serviceable in Great Britain's little bush wars and in boarding ships. He could not understand why the short knife bayonet was ever introduced. They should remember that the object even of a Britisher, when fighting, was to get his bayonet into his opponent as quickly as possible, and if he could not he might not win. The long bayonet was therefore preferable to the short one.

Of all the useless, clumsy weapons devised, the bayonet served out to the bluejackets was the worst. It was enormously heavy, with a basket handle. In the Soudan his men were continually asking him for permission to leave their bayonets in the sand, and if one of them came across any soldier who was killed he immediately changed his own bayonet for the sword bayonet. Their own weapons got between their legs on the march, and were nearly useless in action. No one, except a cavalry officer, would ever teach his men to cut. One point in action was worth a dozen cuts.

As to the revolver, they wanted one which would fire four or six shots as quickly as possible, so as to stop the enemy. As to loading again, it was all nonsense—it could not be done in the scrimmage in which a revolver would be used. The idea was to get off all the bullets as quickly as possible, and, if they did not take effect, to hit the enemy on the nose.

In conclusion, Lord Charles said he regarded machine guns as equivalent on land to what torpedoes were at sea. If successful, they did an enormous amount of damage, and if not, the force using them did not lose much. The machine gun was not a gun at all—it was a cluster of rifles—a company of infantry with no nerves.

It is well known that M. Felix Faure, President of the French Republic, has a mighty liking for the pomp and circumstance of royalty. The etiquette of royal courts is dear to his heart. "How would a sovereign act under these circumstances?" is a question which, report says, he often asks of some mentor skilled in the ways of monarchs. But of course one can well imagine that M. Faure would like to draw his inspiration from the fountain-head. Naturally he would prefer to learn the ways of a monarch from the lips of a monarch, not merely from some person who has lived near a monarch. Now this is difficult. Not often is a European sovereign in the educational market, so to speak. William, the second to none, of Germany might take the post, for his is a versatile genius. But if Sarah Bernhardt has declared that her way to Berlin lies through Alsace-Lorraine, can the President of the proud republic be less patriotic? He must rely upon royalties he knows. Now, M. Faure knows some royalties; but, alas, they are *très difficiles*. Those who know anything of her character would shudder at the idea of her Majesty of Great Britain being utilized as a tipster on the subject of regal behavior. Nor, again, is the Prince of Wales, genial man though he be, exactly the kind of person to be used by the ambitious as a personified etiquette book. There remains, of course, the Czar. The Czar has visited M. Faure. M. Faure has visited the Czar. The Czar and M. Faure have sworn eternal friendship, and there is *l'alliance* to which to point as a result. But can the boldest imagination picture M. Faure, who, like Miss Dartle, "wants to know," approaching the Autocrat of all the Russias with a view to a course of lessons in the art of conducting one's self as a monarch?

Alas, again, it is impossible. M. Faure must find some homelier King. He must sit at the feet of some sovereign less sophisticated than those of stiff-starched Europe. And this brings me, at long last, to my point. M. Felix Faure will soon have his chance. A King is on the eve of visiting Paris. It must be confessed he is not a great sovereign. One must even acknowledge that he is a negro, and answers to the somewhat undignified name of Toffa. But a king's a king for a' that, and a' that. And Toffa, King of the Nagots, is not one of the very liliputian potentates who reign in Africa. He has been a stanch friend of France for a quarter of a century. His kingdom borders Dahomey. His capital, Porto-Novo, boasts of 25,000 inhabitants. And in addition to his very respectable position, he has the good quality of being a cordial hater of *perfide Albion*.

Those who know it tell us that Porto-Novo is a beautiful town with all the appearance, when you approach it, of a pretty European city, bathed in the waters of the River Onémé and shaded by lofty trees. There one may find English, French and German factories and a general air of civilization and prosperity.

But perhaps, after all, King Toffa's manners will hardly recommend themselves to M. Felix Faure, who is probably too deeply in love with European courts to turn aside to the ideals of Africa.

As late even as 1894 Toffa marked the limit of his kingdom by a long row of stakes, each of which was decorated with a human skeleton. True, the French President begged the King to remove this odious spectacle, and his Majesty graciously consented. The pale, however, is still the punishment of criminals among the Nagots. It is said to be not much more painful than the guillotine. But the question can never be settled, for no man, as human nature is at present constituted, can make trial of both. The method of guillotining is well known. Impalement is managed in the following manner:

The executioner first of all makes the culprit drunk with brandy, and then leads him to the pale. Crowds of people gather on the spot, and laugh and sing as if they were at a feast. Suddenly the executioner advances and strikes the condemned man on the head with a heavy truncheon. He falls insensible, and the executioner seizes hold of him and rips him open with a kind of carving knife. The body, after being emptied, is filled with salt, and then hoisted on to a high pale, that all may see it and take warning thereby.

Whatever he might think of their method of public execution, I am somewhat inclined to doubt whether M. Faure would take kindly to the domestic habits of the Nagots. The French President is extremely fastidious, and despite his love of royalty he might shrink from King Toffa's native home habits. The explorer, M. Paul Mimande, thus describes the Nagot dwelling place: "Every house possesses a courtyard surrounded by a wall, where the children grovel in the midst of cattle and poultry, and where the women, with pipes in their mouths, work, some in crushing almonds and others in curing fish. Filth is to be seen everywhere. When a member of the family dies the body is buried in the house itself. The grave is dug only half a yard deep, so that the dead are barely separated from the living."

But, now I think of it, there is a fatal objection to King Toffa as a royal mentor. He is, as one might say, only half a king. Porto-Novo, in fact, has two Kings—the King who reigns in the day, that is Toffa, and the King who reigns in the night, but whose name is kept mysteriously secret.

Certainly Toffa, the day King, is the most considered—outwardly, at all events. He it is that conducts the administration. But he is bound to enter his palace at sunset, and is allowed to have no latchkey. And then, and not before, the King of the night is allowed to go out. This nameless King is said to attend to the police, and to watch over the inhabitants in their sleep. The black people dread the King of the night, and say that King Toffa himself is afraid of him. His journey to Paris will have one advantage for him—it will deliver him from his terrors for several months.

The prominence of the question of a municipal opera house for London has naturally raised great interest here as to the manner in which the subsidized houses are worked on the Continent. In Paris the Opéra, the Opéra Comique, the Théâtre Français, and the Odéon are all helped by the State, their allowances varying according to their respective importance and requirements, while two other theatres, the Chatelet and the Gaîté, are subsidized in their turn by the Municipal Council. The Opéra heads the list with 800,000 francs, then comes the Opéra Comique with 300,000 francs. The Théâtre Français follows with 240,000 francs, and the Odéon brings up the rear with 140,000 francs. Such are the sums allowed by the State to these four theatres which it subsidizes.

In the provinces it is exclusively by the municipalities that subventions are accorded, and they are practically regulated by the size and wealth of the particular town. Thus at Lyons, Bordeaux, and Toulouse, for instance, 240,000 francs a year is by no means an exaggerated amount for the leading theatres, while in smaller places the grants dwindle down to very small sums. The mere fact that a subvention is given invests the State or the municipality, as the case may be, with the fullest authority. In the country towns, where the municipal councils are supreme in these matters, all the regulations and arrangements are carefully drawn up, and their strict observance is insisted upon.

Except at the Comédie Française, none of the artists is in the receipt of any special gratuity in the shape of a retiring pension. This was allowed also at the Opéra formerly, but the practice had finally to be abandoned owing to considerations of a financial character.

In Paris the cost of admission to good places is lower than in London. At Covent Garden a stall costs 21 shillings, and on special nights 25. At the Opéra a stall costs 17 francs, while at the Comédie Française the highest charge for a seat is 10 francs. At the best theatres in the provinces the most eligible places can be had for about 5 francs, and in the others the charges diminish according to circumstances. In the subventioned theatres in Paris special provision is made for the accommodation of the Chief of the State, while other high authorities are also looked after, and in the provincial playhouses which are subsidized boxes are reserved for the Prefect, the Mayor, and often for the General in command, particularly when the town is the headquarters of an army corps, the officers of the garrison being frequently permitted to subscribe at a very reduced rate.

Except at the Théâtre Français the performers are not regarded as fixtures, and are not entitled to pensions. On the contrary, the State or the municipality enjoys all the rights conferred by the subvention, but is on its side under no legal obligations, either toward the managers or toward the artists. The subsidies are simply intended to keep the game going in the interests of the public and of art.

The present idea in London seems to be to make the prices at the Municipal Opera House, if it come into being, the same as rule at the theatres, 10 shillings and 6 pence for a stall, and so forth through the varying grades, 7 and 6 pence, 5 shillings, down to the shilling gallery. In the opinion of many the charge should be made still lower if it is hoped to popularize high art.

Kaiser Wilhelm's pilgrimage to the Holy Land is now fully arranged. The latest new Pilgrim's Progress will begin at Haipha on Oct. 26. William II. will pitch his tent the first night near the ruins of Cæsarea, for the rebuilding of which in honor of the occasion time unfortunately does not suffice. Next day the journey will be continued as far as Jaffa. Ninety-nine years ago Napoleon took the place and put 1,200 Turkish prisoners to death there; the present invasion will be peaceful, for the German Emperor is a personal friend of Abdul, and Jaffa offers no attractions in the coaling line. A day's rest will be taken between Jaffa and Jerusalem, which will be reached on the afternoon of the 28th. Here the Emperor will camp on a plot of ground belonging to the trustees of the Evangelical Jesusalem fund. The following day, Sunday, he will appear at a Lutheran service in the forenoon, to be held in the church at Bethlehem, and in the evening at an open-air service on the Mount of Olives. The Emperor has recently laid it down that no sermon should exceed fifteen minutes; it is to be hoped that no unpleasantness will arise on these two great occasions.

On Monday, Oct. 31, the consecration of the Saint Saviour's (Lutheran) Church is to take place. In the evening a camp is to be formed on the plain of Jericho, whence, on the following day—Nov. 1—excursions are to be made to the Dead Sea. The party will return to Jerusalem the next day, Nov. 2, where it will remain for three days, in order to see all the sights of the Holy City. On the 5th it will return to Haipha, via Jaffa. Excursions are then to be made to Nazareth, to Mount Tabor, and perhaps to Tiberias, and on the 10th the party will go on board ship again in order to proceed to Beyrout. From here a visit is to be paid to Damascus, and on the return journey to Baalbec, after which interesting old ruin it will be remembered Mark Twain christened his famous horse. It is said that a visit to Egypt is still under consideration, but political reasons will probably prevent it. Indeed, the difficulties as regards etiquette are so great that the Ottoman authorities have so far not been able to surmount them. "Meanwhile a report is current that the Sultan has purchased a large plot of land at Constantinople, which he intends to present to the Kaiser, as a site for a German Franciscan monastery."

A bitter conflict is now raging between two opposite factions in the Established Church of England, the conduct of which reflects little credit on either party. The disputants are the Ritualists, or High Churchmen, on the one hand, and the Evangelicals, or Low Churchmen, on the other. Neither of these parties, unhappily, is able to see that its opponent has just cause for some amount of discontent and alarm. Exaggerated phrases have been hurled about, and a state of feeling has been created which must be very contrary to the true interests of the Church to which both parties belong.

The Low Churchmen are in the present case the aggressors, and the High Churchmen stand on the defence. I have no mind to enter into the minutiæ of the quarrel. The Evangelicals are waging war upon albs, dalmatics, copes, mitres, and other articles of ecclesiastical display, the position of the clergy as they read or pray; the use of incense, of the confessional, and of services which form no part of the Book of Common Prayer. The Ritualist defends his practices, and proves authority for them. The Evangelical disproves the authority and denounces the practices.

The present campaign was started by Mr. Kensit, a Protestant bookseller, who raised the alarm that the Ritualists were taking the Church of England over to the Pope. Mr. Kensit's method of setting things right was to gather together a trusty body of friends and go to some London church where the ritualistic form of service was displeasing. In the midst of the proceedings they would interrupt the service and loudly protest at the practices, occasionally laying violent hands upon some obnoxious article, such as a cross carried in procession. Police were called in on various occasions, rioting in the sacred buildings ensued, and finally Mr. Kensit found himself before the Magistrates, charged with "brawling in church."

Meanwhile, of course, an energetic press campaign was conducted. Meetings were held by either side, and the authorities of the church were appealed to. To Mr. Kensit's remonstrance, or rather to one of his many remonstrances, the Bishop of London replied that, if the service of one church did not please him, he had better go to another where the service was adapted to his taste. This may be taken to mark the conclusion of the first stage of the conference.

The next stage was in some ways perhaps even more lamentable. The quarrel found its way into the House of Commons. Unfortunately, Sir William Harcourt attempted to make political party capital out of it. Sir William's grip on the leadership of his very disintegrated party is undeniably loose, but in seeking to find a rallying point in an attack upon any party in the church he undoubtedly committed a blunder. The opportunity for dealing with the matter in the House arose from the fact that a Benefices bill was under discussion. This bill aims at reforming certain abuses in connection with the appointment of clergy as rectors and vicars of parishes. Sir William Harcourt made a violent attack upon the Ritualist party, and accused "hundreds and thousands of the ordained clergy of the Church of England of being unfaithful to their ordination vows." He taunted these "perjured priests" also with clinging to the emoluments of their office, and so forth, and proposed an amendment to the bill which embodied what was really a strong attack upon the bishops.

From any point of view such violence was greatly out of place in the House of Commons. Before he had finished his speech Sir William had offended the Irish Catholic party, for his scathing denunciations of the practices of the ritualists were at the same time an attack upon the usages of the Roman Catholic Church. A subsequent explanation that what was right in one Church was sinful in another was accepted, but is not perhaps sufficient to undo all the mischief. Moreover, Sir William failed to turn up in the House to support his amendment, which was withdrawn.

Sir William's heated attack was of course returned in like kind. A dignitary of the Church gave him the lie direct in the columns of the *Times*, and described him as "plunged in such a depth of abysmal ignorance as to have got into the habit for so long of saying what he thinks may politically pay, that no doubt the lines between truth and falsehood are so deplorably blurred in his mind on such subjects that he really does not know what is true and what is not true."

And so the fight has been carried on. To sum up between the two parties is an unenviable task. But this much perhaps may be safely said. The law of the pendulum is at work. At the time of the Reformation the Protestant party corrected the abuses of the Romanist régime. Then, what may in modern terms be described as the High Church party held power, and abused it. Puritan correction ensued. And so the two elements have seesawed. None denies that the existence of nonconformity in England is the result of abuses in the Established Church. And it is fairly plain that in comparatively recent days the evangelical element grow lazy and was in its turn guilty of neglect of duty. The Ritualists infused energy into their work, and undertook missionary work where it was most wanted—at home. They found that a certain amount of ritualism was attractive and helped them to do good work. There is no question that many of the poorest and most self-denying of the English clergy are to be found in the Ritualist ranks, and it is interesting to find that they have been most successful in the poorest districts. In the East End districts of London you may find ritualism. On the other hand, they, too, have gone beyond due bounds. Their usages, in the matter of incense, images, and so forth, are certainly beyond anything contemplated in the scheme of the Church of England, and more than in any other direction they have offended by departing from the orthodox form of Church worship in instituting forms of services of their own.

The Bishop of London, departing from his first line of "go elsewhere," now seems to have taken a step toward conciliation. He has forwarded a letter to all the clergy of his diocese covering the various points "which have caused some perplexity and dissatisfaction." In the course of his letter he says:

"It is absolutely necessary that nothing should be done which affects the due performance of the services of the Church as laid down in the Book of Common Prayer. There must be no confusion in the minds of the people as to the standard of worship in the Church of England, and there must be no opportunity for personal eccentricities to invade the system of the Church."

Then, drawing their attention to a number of definite points, he concludes: "It is my duty to see that permissible liberty be not unduly extended, so as to impair the distinctive characteristics of the services of our Church."

H. B. C.

WAYS OF THE BLUE CRAB.

Some of Its Peculiarities as Observed at the Aquarium.

While the blue crab is not commonly thought of as a swimmer, and does, in fact, spend the greater part of its time on the bottom, yet it can very easily sustain itself in the water and swim at a very fair rate of speed. It swims endwise, and when swimming it carries one big claw thrown forward and bent back at the middle joint, making a point projecting at that end of the body, while the other big claw trails straight out astern. If it changes direction it crooks the claw it had been carrying straight and lets the other go free. If it sustains itself in the water without progressing it carries its big claws in front of itself as it would naturally do under ordinary circumstances on the bottom, but it has to keep its little claws in motion to sustain itself, and in swimming the little claws are kept actively at work. Besides making a good degree of progress through the water in swimming the blue crab can change its course or swim to a higher or lower level with facility. When frightened the blue crab moves off sideways, but when moving about at home and undisturbed it may move straight forward. Its body may be inclined at any angle to the line of progress, but its motion still be forward, the big claws carried crooked around in front. It may be seen moving thus in one of the larger tanks at the Aquarium, in which there are blue crabs, lobsters, and other things. The temperature of the water now just suits the crustaceans, and they are very lively. Blue crabs may be seen swimming here, and also walking about, stepping down from stones that are as high as they themselves are wide with perfect dignity, if not grace of manner, and walking on carrying their claws before them.